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### The Bride's Story.

When I was but a country lass, now fifteen years ago,
I lived where flows the Overbrook through meadows wide and low;
There first, when skies were bending blue and blossoms bowing free,
I saw the ragged little boy that went to school with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with patches covered o'er,
His hat—ah, such a hat as that was never seen before.
The boys and girls, when first he came, they shouted in their glee,
And jeered the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was highly born;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and scorn;
They said I should not stoop to own a playmate such as he,
The bright eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

Yet spite of all the jeers around from children better dressed,
My heart went out to meet the heart that beat within his breast;
His look was fond, his voice was low, and, strange as it may be,
I loved the ragged little boy that went to school with me.

For years they had forgotten him, but when again we met,
His looks, his voice, his gentle ways, remained in memory yet;
They saw alone the man of mark, but I could only see
That bright eyed, ragged little boy that went to school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered him,
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind the cherished past could dim;
Young love had grown to older love, and so to-day you see
I wed the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

## BORN A CRIMINAL.

### The Story of Connecticut's Most Awful Crime.

One of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated in this country in early days, and indeed ranking with the most horrible ever known in the United States, was the murder of the Mallory family, at Washington, Conn., about ten miles from the town of Litchfield, in the year 1780.

In the month of December, 1779, a ragged, penniless, wandering stranger appealed to the charity of old Mr. Caleb Mallory, resident of the town of Washington, for a night's lodging and a meal of victuals. The person thus appealing was not over nineteen years old, and though large for his age, had a countenance that made him seem younger than he really was.

In answer to Mr. Mallory's questions, he said that his name was Barnett Davenport; that he had not a relative in the world, and that he was entirely friendless and homeless.

The old man's kind heart was touched by this tale of woe, and he readily proffered the shelter of his house as a home for the young man as long as he might desire to avail himself of it, an offer which Davenport promptly accepted.

At this time Mr. Mallory and his aged wife had living with them three orphan grandchildren—two girls named Eunice and Eliza, and a boy named David—the offspring of Captain Eben Mallory, the old man's only son, who had been lost at sea.

His kind entertainers were, of course, unaware that the one whom they thus accepted as, temporarily at least, a member of their family, was a born criminal—one whose instincts were entirely perverted to evil, and who had never, in his short life, given any sign of the possession of any moral perceptions whatever. Barnett Davenport had been born of parents who, if not actually criminals themselves, were certainly wickedly indifferent as to whether their son became one or not. They lived near New Haven, and from his earliest youth Barnett, instead of attending school and receiving any moral training from his parents, was permitted to associate unrestrainedly with the worst boys of the town. "He was from early years unprincipled, profane and impious. Before he was nine years old he was an expert in cursing and swearing, and an adept in mischief. At eleven years he begun to pilfer; at thirteen he stole money; at fifteen he entertained thoughts of murder, and rapidly waxed harder and bolder in wickedness." Notwithstanding his evil instincts and habits, he managed to behave pretty well for a couple of months, while living with the Mallory family, and quite won the kind hearts of the old folks, who could scarcely have treated him better had he been their own son. There is reason to believe, however, that during this time he was, with base ingratitude and diabolical cruelty, planning in his mind a most horrible crime—nothing less than the slaughter of his benefactors, that he might possess himself of their most valuable effects.

On the night of February 3, 1780, Barnett Davenport deemed that the time had come for the execution of his infernal purpose. He slept in a small room off the kitchen, at the back of the house, while Mr. Mallory and his wife occupied the front room on the second floor, over the parlor. The boy David, seven years old, had a bed in a little bedroom adjoining the apartment of his grandparents, and his sisters were in the back room on the same floor. From this arrangement it will be readily seen that it must have been easy for Davenport to make, unobservedly, all the preparations necessary, when the chosen time came, for the awful butchery he contemplated. At a little after midnight on the date stated, while there raged such a terrible storm that there was small danger of any person being abroad to hear any extraordinary noises which might arise in the house, Barnett Davenport arose from his bed, dressed himself, and made ready for his crime.

He had been for two days making a great pile of pine shavings, in a shed outside the kitchen, under the pretense of building a nice cupboard for Mrs. Mallory. These shavings he now carried in and strewed about the floor of the parlor, the kitchen, and the dining-room that lay between them, and over them he poured a gallon of turpentine.

Then putting on an old pair of overalls and a jacket to keep his clothing from being stained with blood, he armed himself with a great knotty club of green hickory wood, and ascended the stairs to the apartments where the old folks slept.

In those days locks upon inside doors were seldom used in private houses, and the Mallory residence was no exception to the general rule of omission of such security. To enter the chamber of his benefactor, the assassin had nothing to do but to raise a common latch.

The light he carried awoke Mr. Mallory, and, in surprise, he turned and half arose in his bed, but had no time to utter a word, for in an instant the huge club, wielded by the sturdy villain, descended upon his head, cracking his skull like an egg shell. The old woman had been awakened the same moment, and, before a second blow could be aimed at her, gave one cry of terror. It was her last. The next instant she was stretched by the side of her husband. To make assurance doubly sure, the murderer's heavy club descended again and again upon the heads of the old couple, dashing out their brains, and finally he drove deep into the throat of each the blade of a big carving knife which he had brought from the kitchen.

At this moment he heard the voice of little David calling from the next room.

"Gran'pa! Gran'pa! what is the matter? What are you doing?"

As nearly as he could, Davenport imitated the old man's tremulous, high pitched voice, calling in response: "Davy, boy, come here," and planted himself close to the door, with the dripping knife in his hand. A moment more, and the little fellow, with nothing on but his nightgown, bounded into the room, only to have his throat clutched by the assassin's powerful hand as he crossed the threshold. When the lad had been choked so that he could not cry out, Davenport transferred his clutch to poor Davy's long brown ringlets, dragged his head back and with one slash of the keen knife cut his throat from ear to ear. Now all was still. The murderer, grasping again his club, walked on tiptoe to the door of the little girls' room and looked in. They had not awakened. He hesitated. Then, turning back into the room where his bloody work had been done, he fastened the door upon the children, by bracing a chair against it, so that not even a strong man could have opened it from the inside.

Now he proceeded to gather the booty for which he had done the horrid deeds already stated. Out of an old chest he drew some pieces of solid silver plate. From a bureau drawer he took £40 in gold and silver. In the pockets of the old couple he found a silver watch and about twenty or thirty shillings in silver. The gold wedding rings, once massive, but now worn thin, he tore from the fingers of the dead. Thoroughly he searched the apartment, but this was all that he could find worth carrying away. First he put the plate in a pillow slip, and carried it out into the yard, pocketed the other valuables, and then proceeded to fire the house. Rolling the corpses from the bed upon the floor, he tossed aside the bloody feather bed upon which they had reposed, and from beneath drew two large straw beds, the contents of which he scattered about the floor. Then he drew into the center of the inflammable pile some brands from the open fireplace, saw the straw kindle, and quickly ran down to the floor beneath, where in each room he touched his candle to the turpentine soaked shavings. In an instant the whole house was ablaze.

Before, however, the glaring light shining through the windows of adjacent houses had alarmed the neighbors, Barnett Davenport had escaped in the darkness, carrying with him the bag of silverware.

Good as had been his arrangements for a conflagration, its progress was less speedy than he doubtless hoped it would be. The walls of the house were of stone, and inside it was very solidly built.

Four young men who happened to be sitting up in a neighboring house were the first to arrive at the fire. The flames on the first floor were so furious that they could not dare to enter there, but they placed against a window on the second floor, where the fire did not yet seemed to have reached, a long, stout pole—the "well-sweep"—and two of them, climbing up thereby, entered the window. The room into which they thus came was that of the boy David. They found no one there. Then they dashed open the door leading to the room of the old folks, and amid the burning straw and blazing furniture they discovered the corpses of Mr. and Mrs. Mallory and the lad. Two only of these they were able to rescue—the old man and the boy—and these not without receiving severe burns. Then the fast advancing flames drove them out. "They are all murdered!" cried one of the young men from the window, sending a thrill of horror through the little crowd of neighbors already gathered below. The bodies handed down seemed to prove the truth of the averment. Their ghastly wounds looked doubly horrible by the fierce glare of the flames.

The dreadful shock had the effect of temporarily paralyzing the energies of those who gathered about those frightful evidences of a crime infinitely more terrible than anything the quiet little town had ever known before, and no attempt was made for some minutes to check the fire. Those few minutes were sufficient to put the flames beyond the possibility of control. Suddenly the noise of breaking glass and an agonized shriek resounded from the back part of the house. The crowd ran around there and saw at one of the windows the face of the eldest of the two sisters. She was screaming for help with her head thrust out through the window sash, and the fire already lighting up behind her. The younger sister could not be seen.

No ladder was obtainable, and the "well-sweep," upon being brought around to this window, was found to be several feet too short, as the ground behind the house was lower than in front.

A score of voices called to the child, "Jump out!" "Jump out of the window!" but she appeared to be too much terrified to know what was said to her. Men ran in all directions seeking ladders or poles long enough to reach the child, but before any could be found, the smoke overcame her, she sunk down out of sight, and in a few minutes more the beams, having been burned through, the whole floor was seen to sink down into the first story, which was by this time a huge furnace, bearing the poor child with it, beyond all possibility of human aid. Suspicion at once fell upon Barnett Davenport. An intuition of his guilt seemed to pervade the entire community.

On the afternoon of the next day a farmer, four miles from town, found hidden in the woods, near the banks of a little creek, the blood stained overalls and jacket. These he—not yet knowing of the murder of the Mallory family—brought into Washington, deeming that his discovery would make a great excitement, but on arriving there he learned of the appalling events of the night before, and found himself the proprietor of but a second-class sensation. People were not slow, however, to surmise the facts connecting the crime with these gory evidences of guilt.

Some one remembered having heard Davenport speak once of living in New Haven, and straightway swift riders were dispatched thither to encompass his arrest should he be found there. The move was a wise one, for within five days thereafter, Barnett Davenport did, by a circuitous route, reach New Haven, and there was found in the company of an evil woman named Collier, with whom he had formerly been acquainted. He was promptly arrested. The gold and silver money, the rings and the watch were found upon him, but the plate was not, and it was indeed not known, as yet, that he had it. After a fortnight's confinement in prison, however, when he was brought to realize with what horror everybody viewed his crime, and how he was loathed as a monster, even by the vilest wretches, remorse overcame him, and he made a full confession, telling how the crime was perpetrated—as it has been set forth—and making known the spot in the woods, a little to the west and south of Litchfield, where he had buried the stolen plate, and where it was soon recovered.

He was held in jail at Litchfield, and there tried. Had he been taken to Washington and allowed to fall for a few minutes into the hands of the infuriated people of that town, the formality of a trial would never have been necessary in his case, but they of Litchfield, while not less determined that he should have the utmost punishment, were minded that it should be inflicted by due process of law. And so it was. He was tried, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged, and on the first Friday in May, 1780, was hanged at Litchfield, in the presence of a larger concourse of spectators than had ever before assembled to witness an execution in New England.

### English Hotels.

Louis J. Jennings, in a letter to the *World*, describes the hotels and lodging places of London. He says that the hotels generally patronized by Americans are Long's, Claridge's, Fenton's Miss Edward's, the Brunswick and the Langham; and that their bedrooms are close and ill-ventilated, the charges very high, and the cooking in three of them bad. A man and his wife cannot live in them for less than £20 a week. Nowhere in England can the comforts of the best American hotels be had. "You cannot wink without being charged for it." As to lodgings, "no one knows anything about the perfection to which the art of robbery has been brought who has not passed through the hopper of a London lodging house mill." The extra charges usually amount to more than the regular price of the rooms. Some of the restaurants are good and moderate in prices. A new and large one furnishes a meal for three shillings and sixpence, or about a dollar in our currency, consisting of soup, fish, two *entrees*, a joint and ices, all of the best quality.

### A Wonderful Cure.

She came from Detroit, Mich., and her great pride was being an invalid. She lost no opportunity in stating that she came to Minnesota to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into conversation with any person she came in contact with, giving advice, climatological or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry, so common to visitors: "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy visaged young man at the dinner table of the Metropolitan a few days since, and the following conversation ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs, in fact my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and you lived?"

"I did, miss, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and depended upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since; hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case!" said the lady, "but do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir?"

"Indeed, I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my prostration."

"How sad! Pray, what was your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk, that being the only food my system could bear. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life giving properties of Minnesota air, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvement dated from my arrival. My limbs soon became strong, my sight and voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared."

"Remarkable, miraculous! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh?"

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota. Good day."

### A Great Blast.

Gen. Newton says that the blasting out of the bottom of the Hell Gate excavations in New York harbor will probably take place about the middle of September. It will require about 50,000 pounds of explosives to do the work. The materials used will be nitro glycerine, rend rock and dynamite, according to the nature of the rock to be blasted. Instead of placing the explosives in several large masses, it is to be scattered over the rock in small charges. Holes have been drilled in the rock columns that support the roof, the number varying according to the height of the column. These are to be charged with the explosives, and then it is to be exploded by means of electricity. The blowing up is to be done in three sections, and the effect will be to crumble the pillars and allow the roof to sink in.

The great opinion that the whole mass is to be hurled into the air at one grand blast is erroneous. Beyond a few beautiful jets of water shot into the air, and perhaps a few pieces of rock hurled above the surface of the water, nothing will be seen. When all is prepared, the water is to be let in and the chambers filled, thus forming what is called in engineering parlance "a wet tamp."

The water will confine the force of the numerous blasts, and enable them to act with greater force. After the explosion it will be necessary to do considerable dredging in the way of hauling out pieces of rock. This will take several months, but will probably be completed by next spring. The persons operating the blast will occupy a position 300 or 400 feet away.

The improvements will deepen the channel about thirty feet, and allow of the passage of the largest vessels, where before only crafts of high draft could go. It is expected that the ocean steamers will take this route, as it is shorter than the Sandy Hook route by about eighteen hours.

### Power of Co-operation in Animals.

An energetic scientific gentleman in England recently gave a lecture to a provincial audience on the power of co-operation in animals. He took as his examples the bee, the beaver, and the buffalo. His audience were much pleased, and the elderly country clergyman with whom he was staying seemed especially delighted. But it is not easy to realize to the mind the horror which came into the breast of the scientific gentleman when, sitting in the country church to listen to a sermon from his host, he heard that good man illustrate the wonderful wisdom of Providence by representing the bee, the beaver and the buffalo as all three working together in some foreign land in harmonious and systematic combination.

The useless waste of money on weddings and funerals calls for reform. Extravagance makes young men dread marriage and death.

### Agriculture in Great Britain.

The New York *Sun* in an article on the subject says the agricultural resources of the British islands are curiously underrated in this country. Accustomed to regard ourselves as the purveyor of England, we take for granted that her own production of meat and breadstuffs is considerable; and there is, moreover, an impression in the minds of many persons that her soil is not subdivided in easily working farms, but is mainly engrossed by large estates. It may be worth while to show how decisively these current notions are contradicted by the facts; and for that purpose we avail ourselves of a report on agriculture lately published by the British board of trade.

With the exception of Russia and France, no country in Europe has so many acres under cultivation as the united kingdom. Of plowed land and meadow she can show twice as much as Hungary, four times as much as Sweden and Norway, a fifth more than Spain, and a sixth more than Prussia, although each of the States named has a larger, and some a vastly larger, superficies. It is well to ponder the significance of this fact, for it explains why England long anterior to her commercial and manufacturing expansion was a rich and powerful nation. And here we may point out that the mistaken opinion respecting the distribution of her soil has arisen from the confounding of arable with non-arable land.

From the total surface of the British islands, which exclusive of lakes and rivers comprises seventy-six millions of acres, must be deducted almost two-sevenths for woodland and pasturage, moors, game preserves and parks; and this fraction of territory undoubtedly is controlled by a relatively small number of proprietors. If we turn, however, to the ground under cultivation, we find the number of farms in England, Wales, and Scotland computed for the year 1875 at 550,000. These are graduated as follows: Small farms of fifty acres or less, average farms containing from fifty to three hundred acres, and large farms exceeding the last named figure; and it appears that seventy per cent. of the whole number belongs to the first category, twenty-seven per cent. to the second, and only three per cent. to the last. As regards the respective areas occupied by the three classes, we may set down in round numbers the aggregate of arable land at twenty-four millions of acres for England, two and three-fourths millions for Wales, and four and a half millions for Scotland. Now, of these totals the space covered by small farms represents, following the order of the countries named, fifteen, twenty-three, and fourteen per cent.; farms of average size absorb fifty-six, sixty-eight, and fifty-eight per cent.; while only twenty-nine per cent. in England, nine in Wales, and twenty-three in Scotland are comprised in the larger holdings. In short, three-fourths of the area belongs to farms of three hundred acres or less; and thus the land under tillage in Great Britain is quite as minutely subdivided as in the United States.

### Church Revenues.

There is no established church in France. All religions are equal by law, but only Catholics, Protestants and Jews are paid out of the public treasury. Out of 36,000,000 as many as ninety-eight per cent. (over 35,000,000) are Catholics. There are 581,000 Protestants, 49,429 Jews, and 84,000 members of other religious denominations. The annual State payments are: To Catholic prelates and clergy, $8,301,659; Catholic churches, seminaries, etc., $2,041,080; Protestant clergy, $283,000; Jewish rabbis, $37,800; Protestant and Jewish places of worship, $16,000; making a total of $10,679,720. In England and Wales, with a population of one-third less than that of France, the total annual revenue of the bishops and other clergy amounts to $18,960,425, which is almost double what is paid in France to the clergy of all denominations. The difference is that in France this payment is made out of the tax-raised payment of the nation, while in England and Wales it comes from property and ratings as secure to the clergy as their landed estates are to the nobility and gentry. Moreover, nearly one-half of the people of England and Wales, who do not belong to the Established church, voluntarily support their "spiritual pastors and masters," as in the United States, by pew rents, fees and voluntary contributions. The British archbishop and bishops receive princely annual incomes. For example, the archbishop of Canterbury, $75,000; his grace of York, $50,000; the bishop of London, $50,000, and the bishop of Durham, $40,000. Each of the other twenty-six bishops receives on the average about $25,000 a year, with a rent free "palace" and grounds in the country and a fine mansion in London for residence during the six months of the Parliamentary session in each year, archbishops and bishops sitting in the Upper House as spiritual lords. Just now the see of St. Albans has been created and a proposed bishopric of Cornwall is on the tapis. After that about a dozen more sees will be established. So the temporalities of the Church of England flourish exceedingly.

John Mangovan, a farmer of North Easthope, Canada, came home from market and going to his room cut his throat with a razor. He then went to another room where his father was and slapped him on the back, when the old man turned around and was horrified to see his son with a frightful gash in his neck. A neighbor who was there thrust a handful of feathers into the cut and stanched the flow of blood.

### Thoughts for Saturday Night.

If we look upon life as a gift of days, one at a time, all its duties can be done, all its burdens borne.

"Two things," said Mohammed, "I abhor; the learned in his infidelities, the fool in his devotions."

The thing which an active mind most needs is a purpose and direction worthy of its activity.

God gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest; in like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

Pride is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness; vanity is an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion.

If there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others. It hurteth the most of all to prefer thyself even to one.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade, religion.

When we have only a little we should be satisfied, for this reason, that those best enjoy abundance who are contented with the least, and so that the pains of poverty are removed, simple fare can give a relish equal to the most expensive luxuries.

There is a Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity, and it will be generally found that men who are constantly lamenting their luck are only reaping the consequence of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence or want of application.

One of the almost numberless advantages of goodness is that it blinds its possessor to many of those faults in others which could not fail to be detected in the morally defective. A consciousness of unworthiness renders us exceedingly quick sighted in discerning the vices of our neighbors; as persons can easily discover others in the symptoms of those diseases beneath which they themselves have suffered.

Without the proper and sober estimate of men, we have neither prudence in the affairs of life nor toleration for contrary opinions—we tempt the cheater and then condemn him—we believe so strongly in our faith that we would sentence dissentient as heretics. It is experience alone that teaches us that he who is discreet is seldom betrayed, and that out of the opinions that we condemn spring often the actions that we admire.

### The Railroad Business Overdone.

At Long Branch, says Gath, in one of his letters, with a railroad man of fair authority, I remarked:

"Pullman has three residences that I know of, here and in Chicago, and at the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence.'

"He will want to get them all together on one small lot before many years pass," said the auditor.

"Why, do you think the railroads will throw off on him?"

"Yes, their diminishing business will not permit of any such incubus. It is hard times with all railroads. They are just beginning to meet questions of moment bluntly, and this Mr. Gowen, president of the Reading railroad, goes to the core of the question when he says that too much competition has made it well nigh impossible to earn dividends. That had already been said by Mr. Devereaux of the Columbus and Cleveland railroad. The open lakes and six lines of rail to the West gives too much outlet for the crops. Before the war we had single tracks on every railroad; now Vanderbilt has four, Scott three or four, Garrett two or three, and the Erie, and Chesapeake and Ohio are also in the field, with the Grand Trunk flanking all around to the North. Low rates are a necessity of such an abundance of communications. Passengers in America now pay the cheapest fares in the world. Ten dollars for excursion tickets from New York to Cincinnati and back! The closest economy must follow such prices. The Pullman cars are very heavy, and mash up the road beds; they bring no revenue to the hauling company, which must also keep them in repair. They cost from $17,000 to $50,000 apiece, and weigh from twenty-five to fifty tons, while ordinary cars weigh only twenty tons. The Erie railroad ran one Pullman car which cost $52,000—the Orange County by name. Every scratch of that cabinet work cost your pocketbook to repair it. Now, the bulk of the Pullman cars will require to be rebuilt very soon; they run about eight years, and then, such is their condition, they must be wholly rebuilt. There are between two thousand and four thousand of them, perhaps. The capital of the company is, say, $12,000,000. When that construction account is made up, and the railroad companies proceed to fret about repairing other people's cars and carrying extravagant "riders," the hey day will be over.

### African Superstition.

The king of Dahomy has invoked the protection of his gods against the British commodore's ships. As his manner of doing so is somewhat curious, it may throw some light on the character of the African native in its pristine purity to describe the process. An imitation of a ship in wood, executed in the most elementary ideas of naval architecture, has been placed on a mound, and about eight hundred or nine hundred natives have been paraded before it. A drink was then administered to each man, and, according to his attitude after imbibing, the chief priest decided whether he was to be sold as a slave or offered up as a sacrifice to appease the gods.